



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



With Good Car and Skillful Driving, Touring to Chesapeake Beach Can be Enjoyable

MANY HISTORIC POINTS PASSED

Herring Creek Church Abounds in Interest to Tourist.

PASTOR TELLS STORY

Legend of Tombstone That Tries to Move to Former Site.

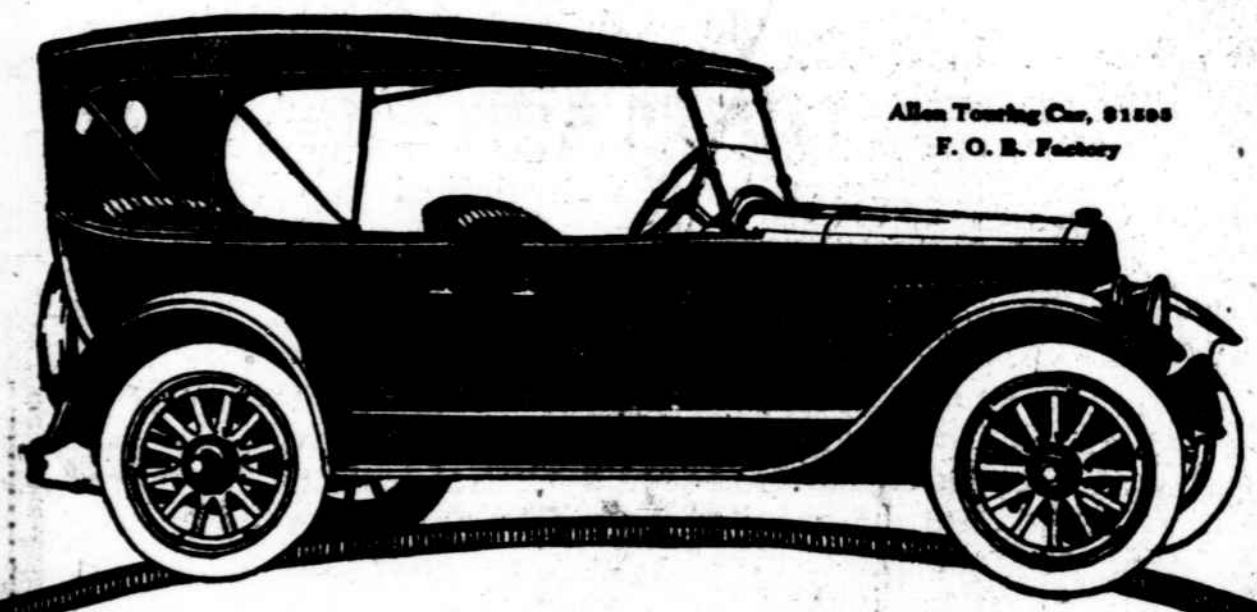
What motorist who has any sort of a touring record has not attempted the trip to Chesapeake Beach?

What motorist, also, has not returned from the forty-two-mile run with, perhaps, one or more of his car's seat springs broken, to confide to his neighbor: "Never again!"

Yes, the average motorist only makes the journey to the beach once a year. He always makes it in an optimistic spirit, and in the hope that the "last four and three-quarter miles" have been improved.

Every year he has come back disappointed and The Herald party who made Chesapeake Beach the objective in their ninth pathfinding tour would have come back in just such a frame of mind had it not been that the party had such an enjoyable time at the beach itself and had the roughest part of the "last four and three-quarter miles" made smooth by a steady riding and trustworthy Maxwell, manned by an admirable pilot in Frank Duvall, jr., and equipped with a peerless set of special steels.

Smiles flickered over the faces of knowing motorists when the members of the party voiced anticipation over the trip. At the time it was feared that such amusement might be warranted, but the members of The Herald party are now agreed that such talk is vastly exaggerated because the trip to the beach can be made an exceedingly enjoyable one and in fairly good time in dry weather.



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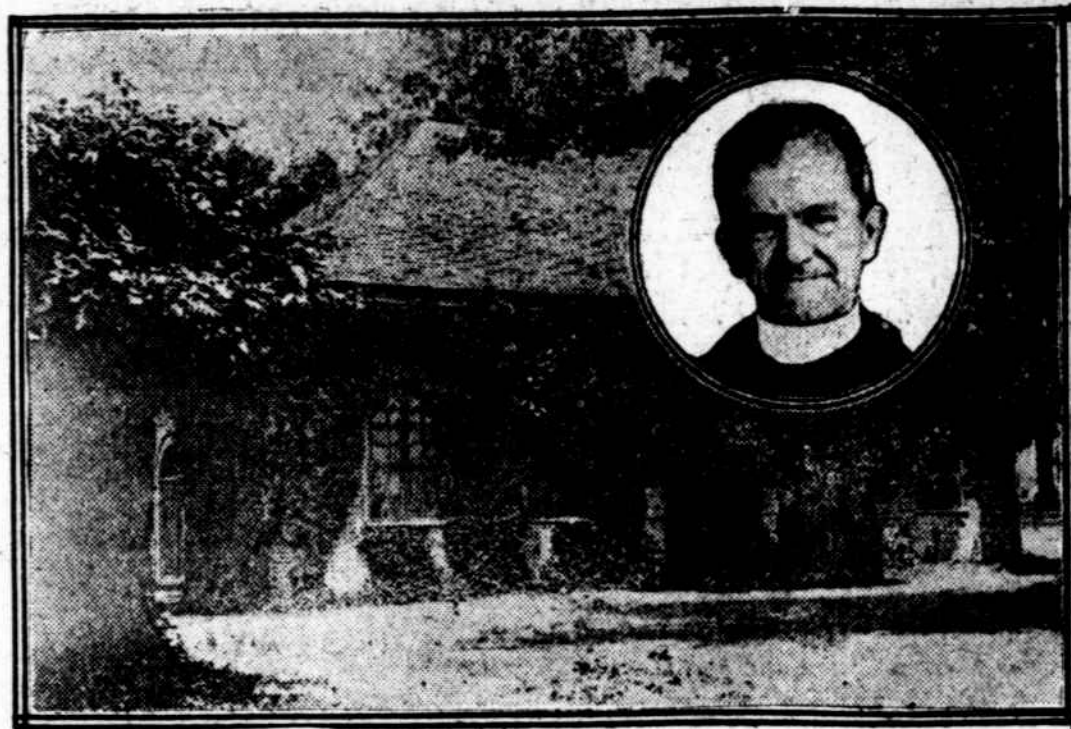
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Allen Wonderful Power
The Allen Motor Company
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Two-thirds of the way to the Beach St. James Church is passed. This church is 150 years old and was one of the many endowed with a silver communion set by Queen Anne of England. The Rev. C. E. Harding, pastor of the church, is shown in the insert.



vised to make the tour in wet or threatening weather as the "last four and three-quarter miles" would then be impassable.

The Start Is Made.

Foreseeing that a sweltering day was in the making, the party found themselves at the display rooms of H. B. Leary, jr., distributor for the Maxwell cars, at 1321-23 Fourteenth street northwest, shortly after 9 o'clock last Tuesday morning, anxious to gain an early start. Within forty-five minutes Mr. Duvall, jr., had finished up his early morning routine and was ready to conduct us on our tour.

Leaving the Leary establishment at promptly 9:45, with the trip portion of the speedometer registering zero, the Maxwell spins out Massachusetts avenue until New Jersey avenue is reached, when the car is headed southward up to the Capitol and then out Pennsylvania avenue. Two dozen blocks out Pennsylvania avenue the street is found blocked while road repairing is in progress, and a right turn is made into Twenty-fifth street southeast, then onto the Good Hope road.

When the speedometer registers 5.2 miles the party bears left and another preference to the left-hand course is made just before the turn is made into Bowen road. At 6.5 miles the main road is taken up. On the left Port Dupont is passed, where, the party is advised, a rifle range is maintained.

Good Dirt Road Found.

Taking advantage of a good dirt road, Mr. Duvall spurts ahead, the speedometer registering 7.7 miles as the District line is passed. After a few minutes' travel on the Marlboro pike, or at 8.1 miles, a sign post advises that thirty-six miles must be negotiated before Chesapeake Beach is reached.

Even this early the sun's rays invited those in the party to discard their coats and vests, and after the day's tour was completed no surprise whatever was registered when members of the party were advised when they reached the Herald office at nightfall that this particular June 29 was the hottest in

forty-six years, the Pennsylvania avenue clock having touched 104 degrees.

At 11.3 miles another signpost tells the distance to Upper Marlboro as nine miles, and two miles farther a little town of Meadows is passed. With the speedometer registering 19.8, Marlboro is reached, a turn to the left made. Less than two miles past Marlboro a dangerous curve is noted and the car slides on to a perfect concrete road. Next a fair-sized bridge across a portion of the Patuxent River is traversed, and before anyone realizes it, it is discovered that 25.7 miles have been "beaten up" by the smoothly purring Maxwell, and only fifteen miles remain before the waterline of the beach will be seen at close range.

Shortly after a heavy gravel road is reached and the party halts to investigate a picturesque little church, which the experienced eyes of Jack Stowell, the cameraman, has already taken in as a historical site worth investigating.

Historic Church Passed.

This church, it is found, is at least 150 years old, and while its official name is St. James, it is also known as the Herring Creek Church. As the pastor of the church, the Rev. C. E. Harding, lives only a short distance from St. James, a visit to his parsonage is made and he kindly comes down to tell the history of the church and permit Jack to take a picture of him.

In the old Colonial days, the State of Maryland was divided into thirty parishes with churches at approximately twelve miles from each other. For instance, other churches of the same rank which are relatively close to St. Mary's are All Saints, which is at Sunderland; All Hallows, at Davidsonville; and St. Anne's at Annapolis.

St. Mary's still has the communion set which was given the church in the Colonial Days by Queen Anne, despite the fact that many years ago it was partially destroyed by fire and had to be sent to New York City to be repaired.

The first parson of St. Mary's Church, the Rev. Henry Ball, is

This is one of the reasons why the motorist will soon forget the brief shaking up he will receive during the "last four and three-quarter miles" after he gets to the bathing pier at the Beach. Hundreds are daily taking advantage of the salt-water bathing and canoeing facilities furnished there.



Here is a group of bathers and canoeists who posed for the cameraman at the Beach last Tuesday when the Billy Sunday workers and several churches held their annual excursion there.

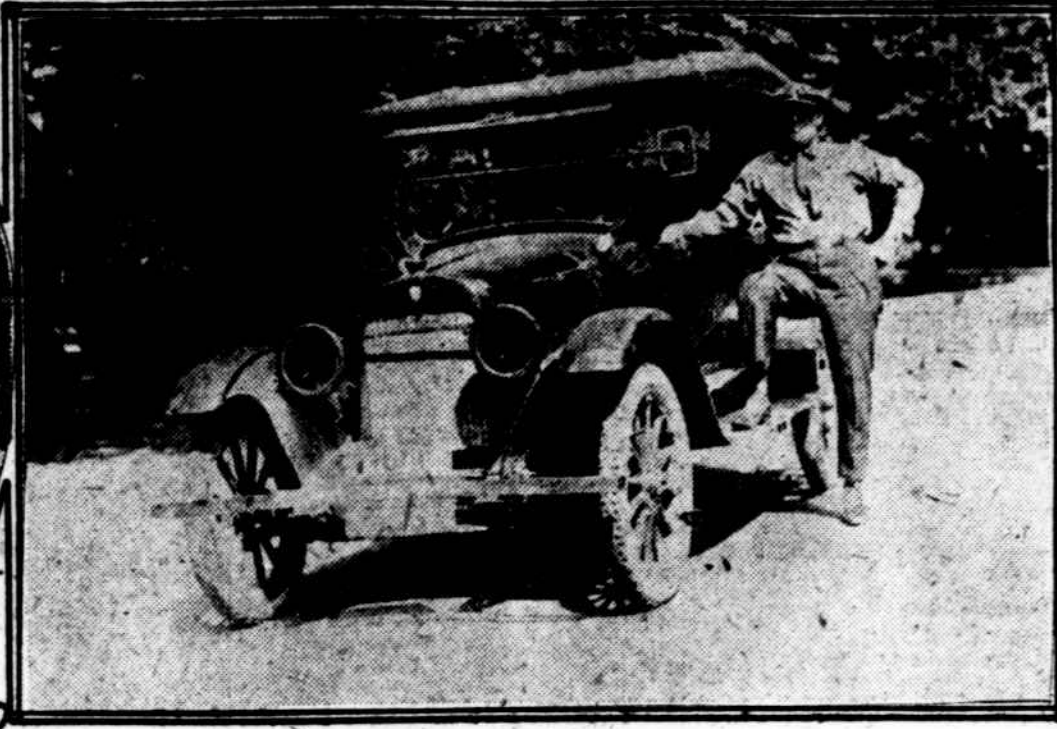
buried in the graveyard which surrounds the church and the scores of Hall families which live in the neighborhood are all said to have been descended from the first preacher of St. Mary's Church.

Tale of the Tombstone.

A tale is told by the members of St. Mary's Church, which, they declare, has been fully verified. It is

this: Some years ago it was decided to rebury the Rev. Compton, another of St. Mary's parsons, from Compton Hill, where he was originally interred, to a spot near the church. This was done and a huge marble slab put on top of his grave. Now, according to the members of St. Mary's—and no better church people can be found—very three years this marble slab creeps off

B. Frank Duvall, jr., of the H. B. Leary Company's forces, whose skill at the wheel, together with the admirable behavior of the popular "special steels" Maxwell, made even the "last four and three-quarter miles" to the Beach enjoyable.



its base in the direction of the Rev. Compton's original burying place, and they all claim that he is trying to get back to his old home upon the hill.

It is hardly necessary to recount the various turns which must be made to the beach as the road is exceptionally well marked. For instance, when the speedometer registers 34.8 miles the motorist is confronted with a huge sign with a hand pointing in the proper direction, notifying him the beach is only nine miles away.

When the town of Owings is passed, a town which is on the regular railroad route, a total mileage of 37.8 is recorded and exactly one mile farther an exceptionally deep sand road is encountered.

At 39.3 miles by the speedometer the motorist must bear to the left sharply and get ready to take his medicine for the "rough road to Jordan" is a solid concrete thoroughfare as compared with this "last four and three-quarter mile" bump-land to the beach. Not only is the road replete with ugly bumps but it is so narrow that two cars can pass only when exceptional care is exhibited by both drivers and the safest procedure to pursue is to bring your car over to the extreme side and stay parked there until the other car has passed.

When the speedometer shows 41.1

the motorist should bear to the right, for Chesapeake Beach is only two miles from this point.

A glimpse of Chesapeake Bay is welcome indeed to the parched members of the party and as soon as the beach proper is reached everyone retires to the Casino for a round of soft drinks and any other forms of refreshment that can be found.

Arrived at the beach, the members of the party soon forget the rough traveling at the last stage of the journey and soon fall into the holiday spirit of the throngs of church people who happen this day to be enjoying a day at Washington's popular salt water resort.

Jack is bent on getting a number of pictures of bathers and consequently the party heads for the bath house, where he is momentarily stumped, for he is at a loss as to how he is going to get out among the bathers and get the picture he wants. But C. Morgan Burk, in charge of the bath house, who is extremely accommodating, soon sets him easy on this score when he offers to take him out among the bathers in his motorboat.

In this manner a number of pictures were taken among the bathers and later a trip was made in one of the many canoes which can be engaged at the beach. A great many children are seen in bathing. This is accounted for by the fact that for

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DETAILS ABOUT ROUTE

Glimpse of Beach Welcome Sight to Parched Motorists.

a quarter of a mile the water has been made absolutely safe for the kiddies and grown-ups. Hundreds of Washingtonians daily take advantage of the salt water bathing at the beach, which is the closest to the National Capital.

The Return Trip.

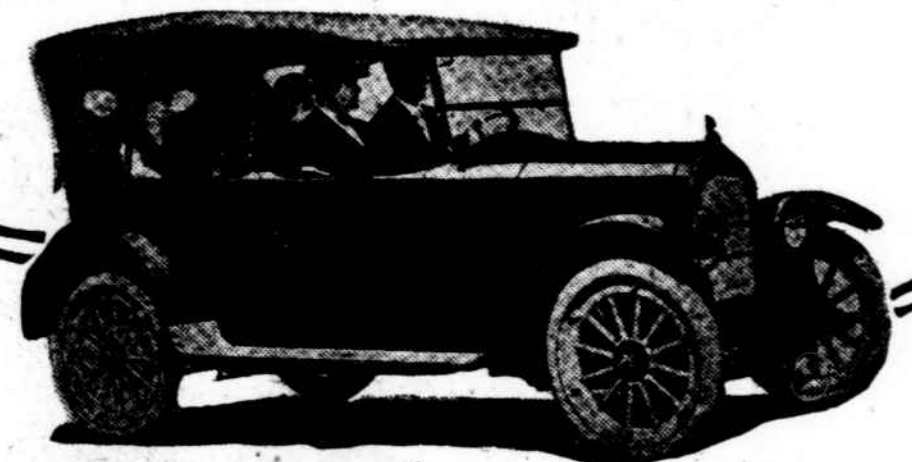
After the pictures are taken and another round of soft drinks consumed, the return trip is started at 3:30 o'clock.

When Marlboro is reached on the way home a visit is made to the old Marlboro House, which is 229 years old, and where, it is said, Lord Baltimore, in his heyday spent a week-end and enjoyed an opera within its walls. One of the old-fashioned slave blocks still remains in front of the house.

Another stop is made at a home which might well be entitled "Hospitality Manor." It is the home of a lovable woman, Mrs. K. M. Herford, a short distance from Marlboro. Here the party willingly lingers for nearly an hour, enjoying themselves feeding a flock of young turkeys and picking cherries.

Having spent so much time at "Hospitality Manor," Mr. Duvall shows us how easily the Maxwell can hit forty or fifty many times during the balance of the return trip, and the party is again within sight of the Capitol before anyone realizes it is time to be home again.

Taken all in all, the trip to Chesapeake Beach by motor, in spite of the "last four and three-quarter miles," is indeed one which can be recommended to the motorist as an enjoyable one. At least the members of The Herald party, at its conclusion, declared that they would certainly be happy to take it more often than once a year—yes, even once a week if they could have a Maxwell to travel in and Mr. Duvall to drive it.



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Roadster Model S-10
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Specifications

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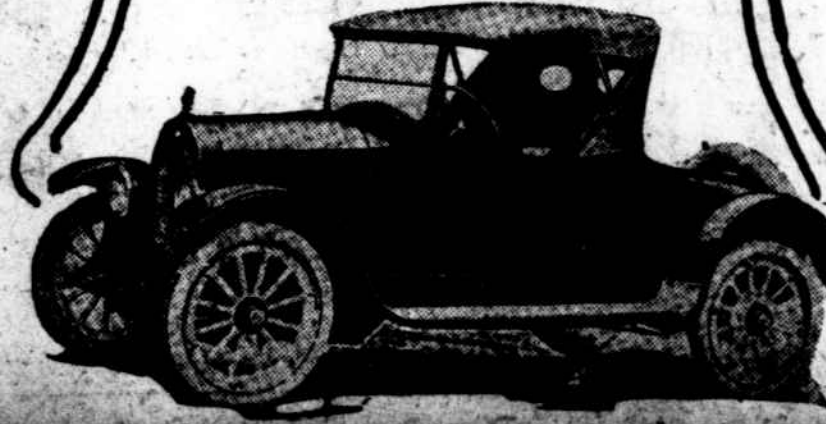
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